

CLITO:
A
POEM
ON THE
Force of Eloquence.

Neque enim ulla non propria *Oratoris* est Res, quæ quidem ornate dici graviterque debeat. Hujus est in dando Consilio de maximis rebus cum dignitate explicata Sententia; ejusdem & languentis populi Incitatio, & effrænati Moderatio. Eadem facultate & Fraus hominum ad perniciem, & Integritas ad salutem vocatur. Quis cohortari ad Virtutem ardentius, quis a Vitiis acrius revocare, quis vituperare Improbos asperius, quis laudare Bonos ornatus, quis Cupiditatem vehementius frangere accusando potest? quis Mœrorem levare mitius consolando?

Cic. de Oratore, lib. 2. cap. 9.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster. M. DCC.

NOTED

MEMO

TO THE

SECRETARY

The following information was received from the
Department of the Interior, Bureau of Land
Management, on the subject of the proposed
acquisition of certain lands in the State of
California, for the purpose of establishing a
National Monument. The lands in question are
located in the County of San Diego, and are
owned by the State of California. The proposed
acquisition is for the purpose of preserving
the natural resources of the area, and for the
benefit of the people of the State.

Very respectfully,
[Signature]

THE SECRETARY OF THE
LAND BUREAU, DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem, whereof Mr. TOLAND is the Author, was handed about a good while in Manuscript before I could get a sight of it; tho, by reason of the differing Characters and Judgments it underwent, I left no stone unturn'd to procure it. And I must confess that after a Friend had at last oblig'd me with it, I could discover none of those monstrous, pernicious, most terrible, and intolerable things which some weak-sighted or envious people reported. But there's something so new and singular in the management of it that highly pleas'd me; and I verily believe that one or two of my acquaintance were frighted, not so much at the Contents, as at the Writer's poetical Liberty in his ranting and ALMANZOR-like strain, as if they thought he would in good earnest buckle on his Armor, or fasten Wings to his shoulders, and go about to perform in person what he would gladly leave others the honour of achieving at his persuasion, contenting himself with such a moderate part of the Action as might probably fall to one man's share. But taking my leave of these Gentlemen, I think my self bound rather to offer my excuses to him for making this publication without his consent. I know Poetry is not his Business, how much soever it may be his Diversion; and that particularly this Scheme of his Studies was never intended to be communicated to the World. I am wholly ignorant what induc'd him first to write it, or why he did it in Verse, which is a Talent on which he was never heard to value himself beyond a Song or such slight performances. But this I learnt, that having given Copies of it to a few private Friends, and these (as it commonly happens) to their Friends,

it came at last into the hands of more persons than were friendly, honest, or judicious, as I need not tell those who heard the strange representations that were made of it; tho I cannot see how it should be displeasing to any, but such as are angry at bottom that Liberty and Religion are prefer'd to Slavery and Superstition. At least there's nothing of it inconsistent with our own establish'd Government and Church, of both which we may without vanity affirm that they are the most excellent of their kinds: no National Religion being less interested, or more rational; and no other Commonwealth being now so free, or having so good a Foundation and Disposition to attain all the perfections of Government. Therefore, after I had fully assur'd my self that the Poem was of his composition, I knew no better way of doing him the office of a true Friend, than by letting every body see how little ground there was for the Complaints of his peevish Accusers. By CLITO is meant a certain eminent Man, who is no more suppos'd to have held this Discourse, or to be of all these Opinions, than the principal persons in PLATO's or CICERO's Dialogues to have said whatever weread of 'em there, tho introduc'd for the dignity of the Subject, and as a mark of the Author's esteem. Mr. TOLLAND himself is understood by ADESIDEMON, which signifies Unsuperstitious, and is a Name these same Lines demonstrate to be very proper. Whether VICTORINA be only a Fiction, or the designation of a real Mistress, good manners will not let us too curiously enquire: but be this as it will, such a Character was absolutely necessary to assuage that Divinity, which (as the Poets speak) inspir'd him with so much fury before. All the rest is plain enough, and consequently there needs no longer Preface to so short a Book.

C L I T O.

CLITO the Wise, the Generous, and Good,
Better than whom none ever understood
Or Things or Words, wou'd yet distinctly know

How far the Force of Eloquence cou'd go
To teach Mankind those Truths which they mistake,
And who the noble Task durst undertake.
To him ADEISIDÆMON thus replys:
O thou, whose Age my younger Tears supplys
With Virtue's Precepts, and my Contry's Love,
What Laws below, or Pow'rs there be above,
Made bold by thy Example, and the Fame
Of antient Heroes (whose immortal Name
Might serve alone all Errors to reform)
I shall the welcom Labor thus perform.

B

In

I N common Words I vulgar things will tell,
And in Discourse not finely speak, but well.
My Phrase shall clear, short, unaffected be,
And all my Speech shall like my Thoughts be free ;
Not grave enough to fright the Young away,
Nor yet for elder Company too gay.

BUT when the Crowd I'm chosen to persuade
By long Orations for the purpose made ;
Or by what reaches more with more success,
The labor'd Compositions of the Press :
Then shall my fertile Brain new Terms produce,
Or old Expressions bring again in use,
Make all Ideas with their Signs agree,
And sooner Things than Words shall wanting be.
Harmonious Sounds th' attentive Ear shall please,
While artful Numbers Passions lay or raise ;
Command-

Commanding Vigor shall my Thoughts convey,
And Softness seal the Truth of all I say :
I'll sooth the raging Mob with mildest words,
Or sluggish Cowards rouse to use their Swords.
As furious Winds sweep down whate'er resists,
So shall my Tongue perform whate'er it lists,
With large impetuous Floods of Eloquence
Tickle the Fancy, and bewitch the Sense ;
Make what it will the justest Cause appear,
And what's perplex'd or dark look bright and clear.
Not that I wou'd the wrongful side defend ;
He best protects who's ablest to offend :
As the same Force which serves to curb our Foes,
Can hurt those Friends who on our Love repose,
And for whose sake we wou'd our Lives expose.

THUS arm'd, thus strong, thus fitted to persuade,
I'll Truth protect, and Error straight invade,

Dispel

Dispel those Clouds that darken human light,
 And blest the World with everlasting Light.
 A noble Fury dos possess my Soul,
 Which all may forward, nothing can controul;
 The fate of Beings, and the hopes of Men,
 Shall be what pleases my creating Pen.

W H O form'd the Universe, and when and why,
 Or if all things were from Eternity ;
 What Laws to Nature were prescrib'd by J O V E ;
 Where lys his chiefest residence above ;
 Or if he's only but the World's great Soul ;
 Or parts the Creatures are, and God the whole
 From whence all Beings their Existence have,
 And into which resolv'd they find a Grave ;
 How nothing's lost, tho all things change their Form,
 As that's a Fly which was but now a Worm ;

And

And Death is only to begin to be
 Som other thing, which endless change shall see;
 (Then why should men to dy have so great fear?
 Tho nought's Immortal, all Eternal are.)
 Whether the Stars be numerous Suns, or no,
 And what's their use above, or Pow'r below;
 What Planets are inhabited, what not;
 How many new emerg'd, what old forgot;
 If the dull Earth dos turn about the Sun,
 Or that bright PHEBUS round this Globe does run;
 Whence the magnetic Force; how Winds can blow;
 What makes the Ocean duly ebb and flow;
 How com th'alternat Seasons of the Year,
 And why the Weather's warm, cold, dull, or clear;
 How Animals and Plants increafe their kind,
 And what's the source of Life, of Soul or Mind;
 How Stones and Metals, Sands or Shells are fram'd,
 Shall only after me be rightly nam'd.

eloit

C

Thus

Thus quick as Thought I unconfin'd will fly
Thro boundless Space, and vast Eternity;
Nature to me appears in no disguise,
Nor can one Atom scape my prying Eyes.

O Glorious LIBERTY! for thee I'll prove
The firmest Patron that e'er Tongue did move;
I'll always execute what you decree,
And be the fatal scourge of Slavery.
Ambitious Tyrants, proud and useless Drones,
I'll first expose, then tumble from their Thrones:
Som their foul Crimes shall expiat by Death,
And som in Exile draw their hated Breath.
Their warlike Troops I shall with ease disband,
And conquer those who all besides command;
I've known a Senat with som magic words
To Forks and Spades transform their bloody Swords:

Those

Those fleet'ing Braves, who vaunt their Force so loud,
A Patriot's Tongue can humble with the Crowd.

Our fearless Youth (if these are at an end)
Will their own Rights by their own Arms defend,
And punish Nations when they dare offend.

But, by the Soul of him who J u l i u s kill'd,
When I perceive that Oracle fulfill'd,

Which was to me pronounc'd by men Divine,

That *All gos well when Whigs and Tors join*;

I'll sing the Triumphs of the good Old Cause,

Establiſh Justice, reinthrone the Laws,

Reſtore the Nation to its perfect health,

Then Pow'r uſurpt deſtroy, and form a Commonwealth

BUT what in faint Ideas I conceive,

A matchleſs Hero will by Facts atchieve;

That Freedom he reſtor'd he will maintain,

Incourage Merit, and leud Vice refrain.

Our

Our Laws, Religion, Arms, our Coin and Trade, don't
 All flourish under him, before decay'd;
 In this more safe, more mighty, and renown'd,
 Than if ten thousand Successors he crown'd:
 For oft a just and valiant Prince's Name
 Degenerat Sons by horrid Crimes defame.
 Her BRUTUS Rome had not so long ador'd,
 If he had made himself her Sov'rain Lord.
 O Godlike BRUTUS! for thy Contry's good,
 Thou didst not shrink to shed thy Children's Blood,
 And sure at home if thou wer't so severe,
 Thou'dst never labor for a Foreign Heir.
 But more than Tongues can speak, or Pens improve,
 The World and I expect from WILLIAM's Love,
 His People's Darling, Heav'n's peculiar care,
 The Branch of Peace, and Thunderbolt of War.

THIRICE

THRICE happy they who see thy Youth renew'd,
O potent *Britain!* thy worst Foes subdu'd,
The proudest Kingdoms for thy Friendship sue,
And all free States their Safety place in you.
Their products East and West shall send to thee,
Both *Indys* gladly will thy Handmaids be ;
The North unlocks her adamantin Door,
And what the South conceals thou shalt explore.
Thy mighty Fleets our Honor will regain,
And the Flag's Triumph e'ery where maintain.
Thy Sons shall reap fresh Laurels near and far,
Umpires of Peace and Leaders still in War.
High Heaven alone shall o'er thy Buildings sway,
And that alone be fairer thought than they.
Submissive Kings shall on thy Senat wait,
While Nations thence expect to hear their Fate.

D

Let

Let Learning then, and Manners be thy care,
 The Proud to humble, the Distress'd to spare,
 And to free those who slavish Fetters wear.

BUT what if Tyrants ne'er were heard of more?
 What serves it equal Freedom to restore,
 So long as other Monsters, worse than they,
 Rule all Mankind with a despotic Sway?
 These are fit Objects of a Hero's rage;
 But where's the H E R C' L E S to redeem the Age?

N O longer thus the World shall be misled
 By him that's falsely call'd th' unerring Head.
 His Triple Crown I scornfully will spurn,
 And his proud Seat to heaps of Rubbish turn,
 Fright all his Vassals into Dens and Caves,
 Then smother to death the sacrilegious Slaves.

The swarming Herds of crafty Priests and Monks,
 The Female Orders of Religious Punks,
 Cardinals, Patriarchs, Metropolitans,
 Franciscans, Jesuits, Dominicans,
 And such like barbarous Names Ecclesiastic,
 Such superstitious, villanous, fantastick,
 Coz'ning Rogues I'll evermore disturb,
 Sense shall their Doctrins, Force their Malice curb,
 Nor will I here desist; all Holy Cheats
 Of all Religions shall partake my Threats,
 Whether with sable Gowns they show their Pride,
 Or under Cloaks their Knavery they hide,
 Or whatsoe'er disguise they chuse to wear,
 To gull the People, while their Spoils they share.
 As much as we revere those worthy men
 Who teach what's peaceful, necessary, plain;
 So much we shou'd such Hypocrits impeach,
 As only Jargon, Strife, and Impire preach.

RELIGION'S.

RELIGION's safe, with PRIESTCRAFT is the War,
All Friends to Priestcraft, Foes of Mankind are.
Their impious Fanes and Altars I'll o'erthrow,
And the whole Farce of their feign'd Saintship show;
Their pious Tricks disclose; their murd'ring Zeal,
And all their awful Mysterys reveal;
Their lying Prophets, and their juggling Thieves
Discredit quite; their foolish Books (as Leaves
From Trees in Autumn fall) I'll scatter wide,
And show those Fables which they fain wou'd hide.

WHEN I've perform'd these Feats, new Danger calls;
From Earth I'll soar, and scale high Heaven's Walls
To pull false Gods from thence, that Men may see
There's but one, true, all-perfect DEITY.
Sound Reason is the Law that likes him best,
Of Good and Ill the never-erring Test.

His

His sacred Temple's e'ery good Man's Heart,
Where his choice Gifts he freely dos impart ;
But they deserve and share his first Applause,
Who stake their Lives in their dear Contry's Cause.
An honest Mind is the best Pray'r he needs ;
Paid with good Works, for him no Victim bleeds.
With Forms and Postures he is never pleas'd,
Nor is his Wrath with Bribes to be appeas'd :
But, happy in himself, he neither wants
Ought we can give ; nor greater Blessings grants
Than solid Sense, and an industrious Pain,
Riches with this, Wisdom with that to gain.

FROM this high Steep with hasty flight I'll bend,
And to the Bosom of the Earth descend ;
To those dark Shades I'll introduce the day,
And the vain Terrors of HELL's Court display.

But wicked Deeds shall not unpunish'd go,
Tho not as Priests and Poets falsely show.
Those Old-wives Tales, imaginary Fears,
The Cause of Horror, and the Source of Tears,
I'll soon destroy; extinguish all their Flames,
Dry up their Rivers, break their rattling Chains,
Poison their Serpents, fright each hideous Form,
Cerberus choak, and PLUTO's Castle storm,
Legions of Fiends to Atoms I'll reduce,
And leave bad Men no Tempter for excuse,
But such leud Thoughts as their vain Fancy draws,
Rebels to Reason's just and easy Laws.
The best Repentance is to sin no more,
And to the Owners what they've lost restore.
Hell's always flaring in a Villain's Mind,
Who's self-condemn'd, abhor'd of all Mankind,
And still suspicious of a Fo behind.

VIRTUE's

VIRTUE's its own Reward; nor Rage of Foes,
Nor Frowns of Friends can Virtue discompose.

Tho Malice, Fraud, and Envy may combine,
Spite of their Fury Innocence will shine.

An honest man, when thousands treat him ill,
His conscious Virtue will support him still,
Till undeceiv'd the World repairs his Fame,
Life yields him Honor, Death a glorious Name.

THUS pow'rful Eloquence shall teach the Wise
Vile and absurd Inventions to despise;
And Fools will mend when abler men exhort,
Or by strict Laws are kept from doing hurt.

But as no Rule without exception is,
So Fools in LEARNING com not under this:
For neither Brains nor Books make them improve,
Nor Laws restrain, so much they Mischiefs love.

The

The easiest things they speak in Terms uncouth,
 And empty notions hug for solid Truth.
 Sworn Foes to Reason, whose resistless Light
 Condemns their Pride and Ignorance to Night:
 Slaves to Authority, the Bane of Schools,
 Because all Times have Precedents for Fools:
 If in right ways I cannot such direct,
 I'll spoil their Trade, their Vanity detect:
 As sick men order'd by their Doctors Bills
 To breath that Air which quickly cures or kills;
 So shall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
 And will confound or mend the erring World.

BUT, when from Cares and public Business free,
 Bright *VICTORINA* my lov'd Theme shall be,
 The softest Words the sweetest Things will tell,
 And all I write or speak be fine and well.

CLIT

When

When she inspires, I must great things pursue;
 If she approv'd, what Wonders could I do?
 I shou'd than all to come discover more,
 And would eclipse those Lights which shin'd before.
 But her dear Image calms my raging Breast,
 All should be still to lodg to fair a Guest,
 Who hating me, I'm curst; or loving, ever blest.

THUS far I spoke; and *CLITO* all approv'd,
 Except what last was said of her I lov'd.
 He did not blame my Passion, and allow'd
 A virtuous Woman's Heart might well be woo'd;
 But that her Hate (like other Ills) the Wise
 Shou'd soften first, or, missing that, despise:

For Cowards lose by a too quick Despair

What's gain'd by weaker Souls who persevere,

And in Success or Merit Victors are,

WE part; and each went where he wish'd to be,

I to my Study, to his Garden He.

F I N I S

JUSTUM & tenacem propositi virum
Non civium Ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis Tyranni,
Mente quatit solida; neque Auster
Dux inquieti infidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Horat. lib. 3. od. 3,
